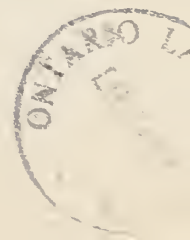


VOX COLLEGII



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ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONTARIO

Vox Collegii

Presented by
THE YEARBOOK COMMITTEE

1960



VERITAS

VIRTUS

VENUSTAS

Dedication



To Mrs Heard, our new Dean, whose help in solving our problems, and ever-present good nature has been greatly appreciated in the past year.

Principal's Message



I have just concluded the re-reading of a Roman play written about 200 B. C. In this play a father's son, stolen by a slave and sold, returns as a slave to serve in his own father's house. The unfolding of his real status gives the play its intensely human touch. The author has given the young man a learned tongue and a polished phrase: his utterances often bear a timeless quality.

"This is the way you'll find most folk treating you:
Until they have
The boon they crave
They're as kind as can be; but success makes the knave!
When they have got it, they set to work cheating you!"

I wanted to wish you success -but now the word is dishonoured. We have clothed it with material grandeur in our day and yet robbed it of all but an enticingly gilded exterior. For many, success is coveted because it elevates the self: it grants a boon of distinction in much the same way an epaulette lifts up the nose! -and by doing it destroys an essential grace our world must have, or it will perish, -the grace of humility.

Yet, nevertheless, I shall dare to use this word, 'success', but only after I have pruned it of its perishable dross and grated into it again the glory it never ought to have lost - the pure joy that arises when one achieves the greatness the world cannot see.

May all of you who are here this year have that 'success'. He and she who die for it will never perish.

S L Osborne

Dean's Message



Rising from its parkland, serene and friendly, Trafalgar Castle appeared among the summer trees. I turned in at the gate, and so came back to O.L.C.

Somehow things here seem to have changed very little over the years. Even the girls are much the same-- the gay, the moody, the clever, the slow, the cheery, the gloomy-- and all the sleepy-heads!

And yet I know each girl is unique-- a never exhausted (though frequently exhausting!) source of delight for the explorer who understands.

What tremendous gifts girls will lavish on those tuned to acceptance!

In my turn, I trust that one little word or idea of mine has been of help to some of them in their quest for tomorrow. Enjoyment of life in all its phases, a spirit of wonder, an active acceptance of what must be, a vigorous impatience with what should not be, an awareness of who and what we are and what we are meant to be-- all of these have filled my living with zest.

May some of them brighten your days as you move into the future!

Mrs. Heard

The Editorial Committee, 1960

PRINCIPAL

The Rev. S. L. Osborne, B.A., B.D., Mus.D., Th.D.

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FACULTY ADVISOR

Miss D. Cooke, B.A.

Graduate photographs by Mr. LeRoy Toll


Editorial

Opportunity! In our young country, we may take what is offered and make it our own. Free to decide the ways of life we would take up, we may forward our education as we choose. This is a wonderful thing! Earlier in this century, many were compelled by circumstance to break off their training and make their way in a highly competitive world without adequate preparation.

Now women have innumerable fields open to them including such new ones as psychiatry and nuclear physics. Some of us little realize how fortunate we are with tools so ready to hand for the building of our lives. May we all take these opportunities, which prepare us to develop our own characters, and enable us to help shape man's future. This is our destiny.

I would like to thank all who have given of their time to help publish the 1960 Yearbook, especially the Staff and Miss Cooke. We express best wishes to the Seniors, and those who will return to O.L.C.

M. J. Telford



administration



Faculty

BACK ROW: Miss Cooke, Mrs. Hallpike, Mrs. Ford, Miss Wyatt.
 FRONT ROW: Mrs. Pringle, Mr. Hallet, Mrs. Heard, Dr. Osborne,
 Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Aylsworth.

THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Mrs. Heard:

Mrs. Heard, our new dean, attended Victoria University in Toronto, specializing in the classical languages. Her earlier years of teaching were spent here at O.L.C. Her wedding was held in the Assembly Hall, as at that time, there was no chapel, and the reception afterwards was in our Common Room. Two years after they were married, they moved to Halifax, where her two sons grew up. Now Mrs. Heard's home is in Montreal. We do trust that she will enjoy the experience of being dean at O.L.C.

Mrs. Broughton:


Mrs. Broughton came to O.L.C. as a Senior, to take her music course. Here, she received the A.R.C.T. diploma. Then she went to the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, and taught. A year ago, she married a Whitby man, and now is residing in Whitby. We wish her success in her career of music teaching at O.L.C.

Mrs. Ferguson:

Mrs. Ferguson went to public school in Niagara. From here, her family moved to Hamilton, where she took her High School courses. She then went to MacDonald Institute in Guelph, where she received her B.H.S.C. She is married, and now lives in West Hill. Before she came to O.L.C., she taught in Elmville. We hope Mrs. Ferguson will enjoy her future years of teaching Botany, Zoology, and Home Economics.

MARILYN MAXWELL
MARILYNNE MACK





graduates



JODY BOWLE-EVANS Sec. Tres. Senior Class.

A streak of peroxide, a streak of blonde;
There goes Jody, all up-wound.
Our little "fairy", up late at night;
"O, little perennial, hasten your flight."
Always cheery, light, and weary.
In the morning she's always in a hurry.
Doctor, doctor, calls her pen,
Give me a shot of increlin.
But next year Meds. will call her in.

CAROL CLAWSON Vice Pres. S.C.

"Jack" of all sports, a football fan
Upholds the Rip Van Winkle clan.
Miss Whyte's advisor on the birds and bees;
With Banff's tips she'll pay McGill's fees.



MELODIE CORRIGALL

From the rear of the room, Mrs. Heard hears a call,
"Did you know that this ain't about apples at all?
A piece of dust, a passer of Math,
Being an actress is her destined path.

PEGGY COWAN

School days vs. her week-end flings,
Monday morning, that darn alarm clock rings.
Will she or won't she participate in classes?
That depends, if we can see through our misty glasses.
Brown hair, green eyes, and lots of fun,
I guess no one can blame her for such action.





PAULA CROCKER House Capt.

Paula faints and Paula screams,
Paula's always scared it seems
Of dried up fish and cut up frogs;
Her roommates razz her near to sobs.
She's often found on a buying spree,
Or madly writing History.
A nurse's training will make her be
The pride of Wawa- Just wait and see.

CAROLINE DOUGLAS

Caroline, better known as an equestrian fair,
When going to bed, piles high her long hair.
A figure so slim, and quiet to some,
Amidst closest friends, she's bubbling with fun.
To take her B.A. she'll be going to Queen's,
But she'll remember the parties and fun, by all means.



PAT DUNHAM Pres. Senior Class.

Swell's the name for our Pres. Pat,
Who's always in there with her bat.
"Bunnie" is her rising fame;
"I'll never pass", her second name.
At Christmas she packed summer clothes,
While we prepared for winter snows.
A teacher Pat intends to be,
She'll make it too, just wait and see.

PAT FOWLIE

Santa Claus, Cupid, Head Girl, all in one,
We all agree she's lots of fun.
Her curly (?) black hair and moonburnt face-
(She sets an example around this place?)
Armed with powder, she prowls the halls
Long after the dean's parting call.
Matrimony eventually, but nursing before-
Do you think she'll get married before twenty-four?





MIRIAM HARRIS

Mimi, or had we better say Mim?
In that gorgeous convertible, driving with HIM.
Rooming with Caroline, so far away,
In Main Hall she visits with Bosh and Kay.
As far as this school goes, I'll make you bet.
Many evening parties she'll never forget.

MARILYN JOHNSTON

Marilyn lives in room 113,
As hair dresser, she reigns supreme.
She prides in snaps by candle light,
And never goes to bed at night.
She's always playing silly tricks
On Pat and Jody, just for kicks.
For Bio-Chemistry, she is keen,
And plans to graduate from Queen's.



JANET KERR

Janet comes from Oshawa,
Her fate's to be a mateless squaw,
She plays for us in Sunday Chapel,
With friends, she's hardly known to scrapel.
Her housecoat is her favourite garb,
She worries that she'll someday starve.
Music is her future aim,
And knowing Janet, will bring her fame.

MARGARET MCFADYEN

Behold! Sweet Margaret's hair is blond,
And lo! Her eyes are blue;
Her character is passing fair,
(She hopes her marks are too.)
From Oshawa she comes each day,
This sweet and studious creature;
She hopes that someday she will be,
Not student, but a teacher.





SANDRA MERRIAM Sports Captain

She's on the team, and full of fun.
Her Kingston Trio is just "one".
McLellan's favourite lab advisor.
To bed at nine, but is she wiser?
She does her room-mate Carol's rags,
Next year to K.G.H. she tags.

KAY MOORES

She brings the mail each day at noon.
Hope OLIVE Cartwright writes her soon.
A note from bongos or 962,
Hope the bear's sketches will help in Zoo.
Nursing's for K. T. with the long black tresses,
She and Bosha are often Hostesses.



IRENE PENNACCHIOTTI House Captain

Irene is famous for modern dancing,
"Latin Lovers", she finds entrancing.
She's always going on one day diets,
And asking others, "Why not try it?"
New York gave her quite a thrill,
With her new fur coat to prevent a chill.
A lawyer she is bound to be,
You'll find her next year at U.B.C.

ETHELWYN PROCTER House Captain

Gaining popularity by her sunny grin,
Maxwell's top banana is Ethelwyn.
Art and drama are her talents rare,
But she'll sacrifice the easel, a nurse's cap to wear.
Mixing up boy-friends, she just can't keep them straight,
She'll soon start a business of selling us dates.
Senior hall seamstress, she's always on the go,
She makes life seem brighter whenever you feel low.





DOROTHY RIGATE

"Dot" hails from the "barnless" prairies, flat.
 Her aim is marriage, how about that!
 The "black-haired quiet one", they say,
 But when alone, then who's to say?
 She talks of her horse, guitar, and man,
 And worries about her cartridge pen.
 Her love, if truth were told, is Math,
 For all she wants to do is pass!

PRAYOON SAIPHATANA Vice Pres. Senior Class.

Prayoon, or "Mickey", is one and the same,
 Throughout the school, she's gained wide fame.
 She came from Thailand to dear O.L.C.
 Her aim is a doctor, to charge a high fee.
 She's tiny and quick, with a Lavender scent;
 Here's hoping her life will be well spent.



MARY LYNN SALES

Mary Lynn's the talkative one;
 She's always ready for a bit of fun.
 You'll find her often on the telephone,
 (I'd hate to pay that bill at home!)
 Her main complaint is an ingrown toenail;
 She waits all week for the Tuesday mail.
 England and nursing spell her future.
 Hope life and everything else will suit her.

INA MAE SCHULTZ Vice Pres. A.A.

Small but like active jazz is her style,
 Beatnicks and green lights- mood for a while.
 Loves sports and parties, but just wait and see
 Who will be cha-chaing through Pharmacy.
 White streaks for appeal; Playboy you know."
 We'll remember wee I.M. wherever we go.





BARB SOUTHERN Sub-Captain

Souze diets not in vain,
A ten pound loss is her main aim.
Her dresses she finds much too large,
To give her room-mates quite a charge.
She hopes to nurse at London's Vic,
To meet the tall boy is the trick.
Colombia to Samia's quite a switch,
Her summer's job will make her rich.

JOAN STINSON Sec. -Tres. Student Council

Joanie's on guard duty on the hall;
Diets so she's slim and tall.
Neat and orderly- never late,
Thinks radios and Triumphs are great.
Two fun years at O.L.C.;
Then she'll study scientifically.



GAI THOMAS Sports Captain

From "way down under", Gai once came,
And to return one day's her aim.
She's noted for her hearty laugh,
And sudden "showers" in her bath.
She's good in every sport you'll name,
And all agree she's quite a dame!
To Royal Vic next year she'll go,
To tend to patients, row on row.



BARBARA WATSON Sub-Captain

Our hairstyler "Blast Furnace" calls from the loft,
But alas for the choir, her warbles aren't soft.
She's clad in orange shoes and drags a soft quilt
For parties and fun times, she gets the guilt.
Thursday, ringing night, she blushes with joy,
For "teacher" loves listening to her Buddy Boy.



Junior Class

PAT CAMPBELL

President for our Junior class,
She is no doubt, a comical lass.
In the future, she hopes to be a nurse,
Or maybe driving her father's hearse.



DIANE ABERNETHY

Diane's the A. A. prefect this year;
For sports, she's after us to cheer.
To T. O. she likes to go;
Returns she always with a glow.



RUTH ATKINSON

A swimming instructor who's all for fun,
Parties and jazz for everyone.
"Dimples" thinks that Algebra's the thing,
And swears, in HER room, bells never ring.



JANE BALDWIN

Jane's the Sandra Dee of our school,
She never dreams of breaking a rule,
Her guitar is always heard on the hall,
Whenever "Lights Out" has been called.



SHARON BULMER

Where is Sharon, that sleepy-head?
It's getting late, and she's still in bed.
Number One Math student needs her rest,
But at parties and fun times, she's at her best



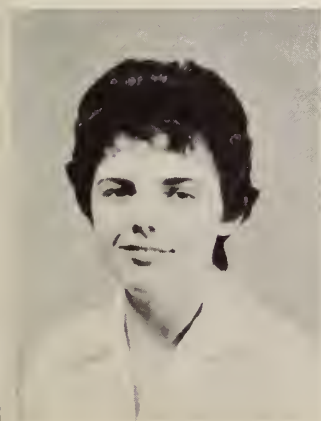
LYNNE CASHELL

History is Lynne's greatest asset;
Thus "Political Science" is her best bet.
Also, Castro plays a big part,
As he has managed to capture her heart.



RETA CHEGAHNO

Reta, a girl on Lower Fran floor,
Likes to read library books by the score.
A pharmacist, she plans to be,
When finished school at O. L. C.





PHYLLIS DOWLING

Phyllis is the dressmaker on the hall;
Formals and skirts, she makes big and small.
To hockey games, she goes if she may,
Especially if the "Windsor Bulldogs" play.

PAMELA EARLE

She sits near the front in every class,
Hoping her percentage will rate a pass.
She need not worry and fuss,
For her average is always A plus.



PAT HEATLIE

Jimmy to New Brunswick has gone,
So Pat decided to flirt with Don.
At the formal, she had lots of fun with him.
We believe she will forget about Jim.

MARILYN HODGSON

Maxwell's Sub-Captain, without a doubt,
"Come on, you kids!" she always shouts,
Working and studying much all year,
As she hopes to start her nursing career.



BONNIE HOOKER

A day-girl of O.L.C.,
Plans to be a Physics T.,
This Oshawa girl often amazes us
By leaving her wallet on the bus.

ELSPETH JENSEN

This little girl came late to our hall,
She always wants to have a ball.
Taking pills she tries to reduce;
Forget it Elspeth, it's no use.



JACQUELINE KNOWLES

A.A. has a terrific Sect. Treasurer,
To her you go for a ring to measure.
A nurse, in the future, is what she plans,
Until she and Merv announce their wedding bands.

ELEANOR MAHAFFY

Eleanor is up at 7:05,
While Elizabeth and Laura for sleep still strive,
Having been to the bathroom, she's back with a song,
"Come on you guys, the second bell's gone.



ELIZABETH MAHAFFY

Elizabeth has the biggest grin of all.
If spreads on her face as she walks the hall.
Oboe lessons, she would practise forever,
But thinks of food, which makes her fatter.

DORIS MARTIN

I hear her yelling in the hall,
And beating her fists upon the wall.
We know that she's not mad at all;
Just a bit perturbed!

SHARRON MARTYN

Humming and singing, you know Sharron is near,
Although sometimes it sounds like a bear.
She writes the best Comps. in the class,
Correcting others so they might pass.

ANNE McCORMOND

Anne, of course, proves to be the language Queen,
Taking German, Latin, French, and Greek in between.
Whenever you touch her, a scream can be heard;
Then down the hall rushes Mrs. Bird.

KATHIE MOLLENHAUER

"Kathie!" someone screams down the hall,
"I think you have a telephone call."
Of course it's Carl, who hasn't phoned for days,
And Kathie goes strolling off in a daze.

LAURA NORMAN

Staring into space, and then a sigh;
"Come on Phyllis, let's have a little jive!"
She may look innocent, without a doubt,
But get to know Laura;-you'll soon find out.

DIANA PENNACCHIOTTI

If it's Spanish steps you'd like to know,
Go to Diana, and she will show
How to do them, in a hurry;
Soon you'll be an Arthur Murray.

LINDA REID

This day-girl hails from Ajax;
She plans to return in the fall,
Although she finds it quite a bore
Catching the bus at twenty to four.



ANNE ROBERTSON

Anne is quite a common name,
(Too bad she wasn't just the same.)
Of future plans she's not sure;
She's always in quite a blur.

DONNA ROWLAND

Carter House Sports Captain, Sutton team,
On Upper Fran she will often be seen,
Beautiful blue eyes, thinks German's great,
Our blond music lover sure does rate.



HELEN RUSSELL

Up before daylight, up after lights,
That's Helen on exam nights.
Seldom in her room when Mrs. Bird calls.
Instead, she's walking around in the halls.

GWEN SCHARF

Formals her hobby, Queen for a day,
Boys are her pleasure, "Wish they could stay!"
Work is a drudge, but marks are first class,
The fan club is big for Gwen, our blond lass.



SANDY STANWAY

Flashlight-burner, hotel socialite,
Sometimes thinks that she's too bright.
"It's only 7:15," she yells,
"There have only been two bells."

MARY-JO TELFORD

If you're looking for fun and for laughter too,
Our Yearbook Prefect will always do.
To the cows she'll say Good-Bye this year,
Although to her they've become very dear.



JUDY WOLFE

When the bell begins to toll,
Out of bed does Judy roll.
Although she's sometimes tired and meek,
She always tries to learn her Greek.

DIANE ZIMERLING

Diane, the kid from Otter Lake,
Proves to have just what it takes;
Homework done before school's out,
Later lends it to all those in doubt.





WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF.....

FRONT ROW

SUE PIPER.....ever decided who she likes best.
 LYNNE WELLINGTON.....ever failed P. T.
 LESLIE MASSON.....ever grew three inches taller.
 SHIRLEY ARMSTRONG.....ever went to dinner without make-up.
 GAIL KAVANAUGH.....stopped saying "cha-cha".

MIDDLE ROW

DOROTHY VUJANICH.....had her ears pierced.
 JUDY FENTON.....decided she didn't like Kim.
 HEATHER QUINN.....ever went to bed without singing.
 BETTY BRYANT.....ever pronounced her French correctly.
 SANDY CARTER.....fought with Pat Campbell.
 SHARLEEN COUCH.....had to choose between "J.C.'s".
 SANDY CONANT.....had to go on a diet.
 PAM CAINE.....didn't threaten to leave at least twice a term.

BACK ROW

DAPHNE SMITH.....ever went to bed without a hot drink.
 JANENE AUSTIN.....was ever called "Janene".
 PAULINE McNAIR.....agreed with everyone.
 PAT HUTCHISON.....ever drowned.
 MARY JANE MacGUIRE.....fixed the zipper on her gym shorts.
 DIANNE BROPHY.....didn't hear from Peter for a week.



FATES AND AMBITIONS

GRADE X

FRONT ROW

VICTORIA STEWART	- Ambition -	To marry a millionaire
	- Fate -	To end up supporting him
CAROL CROCKER	- Ambition -	Occupational Therapist
	- Fate -	Nurse at O.L.C.
MARILYNNE MACK	- Ambition -	Airline stewardess
	- Fate -	Airsick
NEAL GRIBBEN	- Ambition -	To learn much and enjoy living
	- Fate -	! ! ! !
DONNA CAMPBELL	- Ambition -	Doctor
	- Fate -	Nurses' aid
SANDRA CLARKE	- Ambition -	Secretary
	- Fate -	French speaking trampoline artist

BACK ROW

LINDA LAZARUS	- Ambition -	Confidential secretary
	- Fate -	Old maid
DOROTHY ELSIE	- Ambition -	Nurse
	- Fate -	Witch doctor
CAROL NEWSON	- Ambition -	French teacher
	- Fate -	Pupils who teach Carol
MARGARET EDWARDS	- Ambition -	Nurse
	- Fate -	Chambermaid
GAYE WILLIAMSON	- Ambition -	Hairdresser
	- Fate -	Daughter has curly hair
LINDA PUGH	- Ambition -	Model
	- Fate -	Beatnik philosopher
JANET COVENTRY	- Ambition -	Driver of racecars
	- Fate -	Dean of O.L.C.
NANCY FARQUHAR	- Ambition -	Secretary
	- Fate -	Scrubbing floors for the boss
ANNE DAY	- Ambition -	Kindergarten teacher
	- Fate -	Scrubbing the Kindergarten floor
MARILYN MAXWELL	- Ambition -	Doctor
	- Fate -	Trapeze artist
Absent - HELEN PLUNKETT	- Ambition -	Airline stewardess
	- Fate -	Housewife
- FRANCES ORTON	- Ambition -	Home Economics teacher
	- Fate -	Housewife
- ANN PENICKA	- Ambition -	Private secretary
	- Fate -	Married to the boss



GRADE IX

PET PEEVES

BACK ROW

WENDY PIPER:	room-mates who write poetry during the night!
JEANNINE RAMSAY:	not enough push!
CATHERINE BLAIR:	girls who write to boys!
MARGARET NEWMAN:	Ballet!
MARGARET-ANNE LITTLE:	ineffective diets!
CHRISTINE HANSEN:	Home Economics!
JEAN GREER:	my hair!
GUSTA REISBERG:	people touching my belongings!

FRONT ROW

LAUREEN MOODY:	having to turn down her record-player!
JILL VALLIERE:	Chaperons!
MARGARET-ANN WITHERSPOON:	getting up in the morning!
JANET McRAE:	Wendy's cribbage-playing friends!
LYNNE HARRIS:	squeaking mice and clanging alarms!
GLORIA VARGAS:	Canadian winters!





PET SAYINGS

ELEMENTARIES

LESLIE ORMSTON....."Do you still like me?"
 JILL THOMAS....."It's real 'saxy'"
 ANN McWHIR....."I'll wear my hair the way I like it. "
 STEPHANIE CHERNEY....."I still don't understand. "
 JILL LAMBERT....."I did not! "
 JUDY LAMBERT....."You did so! "
 NORRYNE HALL "Get off my side. "
 HEATHER GORDON..... "If I don't get a letter from Leslie soon, I'll just die. "
 MYRNA LAZARUS....."Oh you're always mad at me. "
 PENNY TOWNLEY....."It's busted. "
 CAROL REISBERG....."I like boys in general, and one in particular. "
 BERTA REISBERG....."If I don't get mail, I'll cut my nose. "
 ANN CARLEY....."Do you like my ponytail?"
 SUSAN HODGINS....."Not another housepoint off! "
 JILL CLAPPERTON....."Somebody hauled it. "
 CAROLYN McARTHUR....."I ain't gonna tell youse guys. "
 ANN McKINNON....."Do you like my hair?"
 SHEILA MOORE....."That's a killer! "
 CAROLYN TANNER....."Honestly! "
 ROSEMARY CHAPMAN....."My mother will just kill me "
 BARCLAY-JANE GREY....."Yes, Mrs. Ford, No, Mrs. Ford. "
 JENNIFER GREGG....."Oh, Mrs. Ford. "
 CHERYL SACKETT....."Oh, Good Heavens. "
 SUSAN WILSON....."Oh, dear! "



The Organizations

PREFECTS: D. Abernethy, M. J. Telford, P. Fowlie, S. Stanway

THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

The executive of the Student Council consists of Pat Fowlie, the president, Carol Clawson, and Joan Stinson. This committee meets with Mrs. Heard and the other members of the Council to discuss matters of dress, some student privileges, and school activities such as the planning of the Holly Hop.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

This years's Athletic Association officials are Diane Abernethy, the president, Jackie Knowles, and Ina Mae Schulz. Their first project was Field Day which was equaled in success only by the Formal. The badminton, volleyball, and basketball games were also supervised by the committee, under Mrs. Hallpike.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

The officers of the S.C.M. for 1960 were Sandra Stanway, the president. Donna Rowland, Anne McOrmond, and Marilyn Hodgson. This year they have made the Bazaar, sponsored by their organization, with the help and guidance of Miss McDowell, the greatest success ever. The proceeds of this annual event, as well as the Sunday evening offerings, have been spent for the benefit of the less fortunate.

THE YEARBOOK COMMITTEE.

Yearbook Editor, Mary-Jo Telford, and the staff members have made our yearbook this year a successful one. Under the guidance of Miss Cooke, they began early in October, and have worked steadily throughout the year. In years to come, we will be able to look back and recognize it as a good effort.

Lynne Cashell,
Social Editor.



THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.



THE YEAR BOOK STAFF



THE STUDENT COUNCIL.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



activities

ACTIVITIES

The first evening at O.L.C. was a very happy one for all of us who knew one another, and, I am sure, a rather confusing one for the new girls, as I was one of those frightened individuals only last year. However, a sing-song and games in the gym soon relieved the situation. After this, food was served, and we all went upstairs to help our roommates unpack, recount all our adventures of the summer, and discuss the coming year.

Initiation called for the new girls to don pyjamas. Ringing alarm clocks and singing (?) "Wakey, wakey, rise and shine", they presented a ridiculous spectacle to their "masters" of the day.

Old girls' stunts were as comical as ever, and the more disobedient new girls appreciated the penalties especially. Ice-cream bars, and apple-pied beds ended the joyous evening.

On the following Saturday night, the new girls retaliated with hilarious stunts and their own penalties. Their interpretation of beat-niks was especially enjoyed.

Field-Day unveiled a good number of unknown athletes, and produced a number of housepoints, particularly for Carter House, which placed first.

One of the first Saturdays in September, we all walked to the lake, where our annual "get-acquainted" picnic was held. The day was quite warm, but a cool breeze from the lake made it perfect. About four-thirty, Dr. Osborne and others drove up with the food, and they were greeted very warmly. Following a leisurely walk back to the school, soup and sandwiches were served in the recreation room.

On October the third, the dance with Pickering College here, was met with mixed feelings. However, once the dancing had begun, everyone seemed to have a good time. Many of us saw familiar faces as well as new ones. Elimination dances left little momentos with several couples.

October twenty-fourth brought with it the yearly semi-formal, the Hi-Fi, or Holly Hop, this year the theme being "The Crystal Ball",

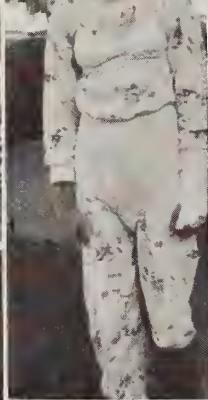
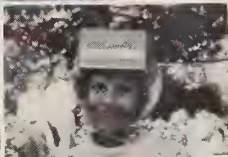
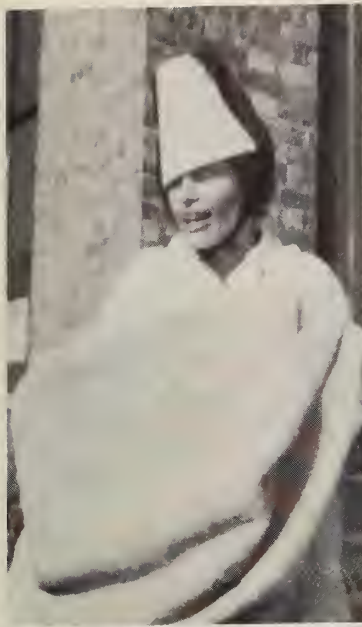
the idea submitted by Gai Thomas, who received a free ticket to the dance. The decorations were assembled under her direction, and the effect was truly gratifying to all who worked so hard on them. Anne Robertson was chosen the Queen for the evening, and her date, Pat. Neal, became the King.

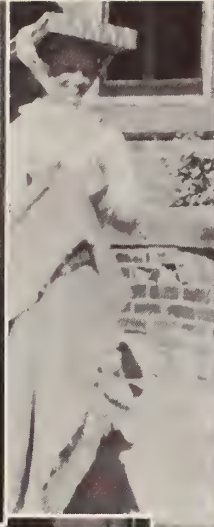
At our Halloween dinner Miss Wyatt's table received first prize for their ingenious decoration of a witch's brew, and their idea of dressing as witches when they came to dinner. Miss McDowell's table received second prize for their cardboard house which had an eerie effect because of a lamp inside it. Miss Cooke's table placed third, with a scarecrow, or something of that sort, clothed in a flannel shirt and overalls. The girls at Mrs. Bird's table decorated their table using a Christmas theme, and many others had equally original ideas. At the party later, we were visited by two members of the O.L.C. football team.

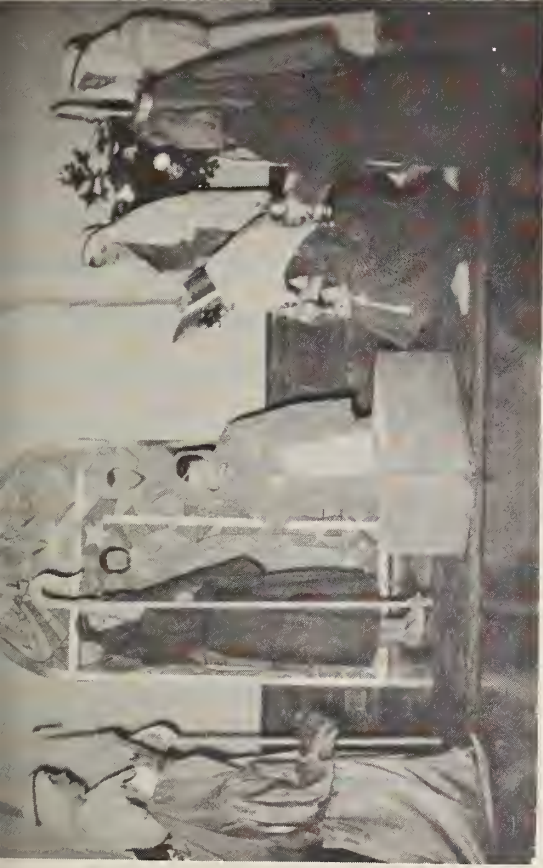
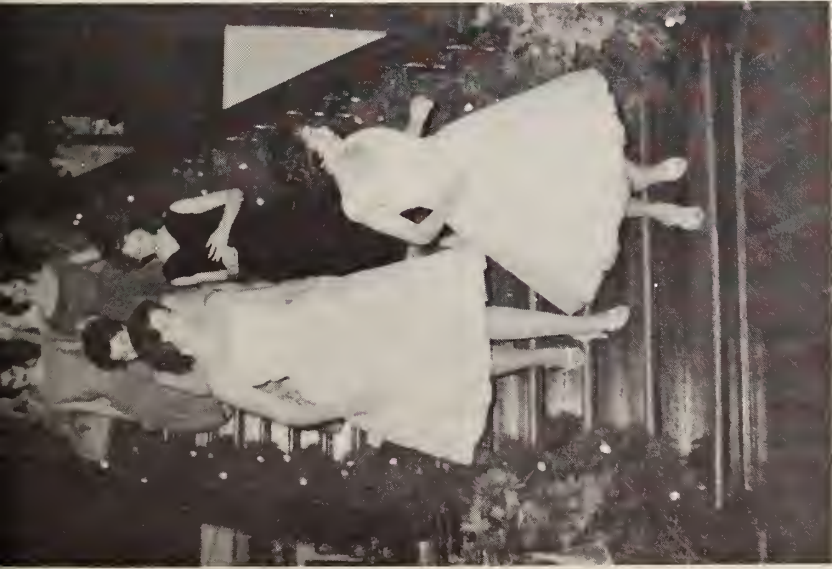
On November twenty-first, the annual S.C.M. bazaar was held in the main hall. Betty White, 1958-59 S.C.M. president, and Sandy Stanway, our 1959-60 prefect officiated at the opening ceremonies. The work put into this year's bazaar by Miss McDowell, Sandy, the S.C.M. committee, and the house captains, made the bazaar the greatest success it has ever been. It made over seven-hundred dollars. Hare House won the most housepoints, as it had the winning decorations. Carter House made the most money.

LYNNE CASHELL,
SOCIAL EDITOR.





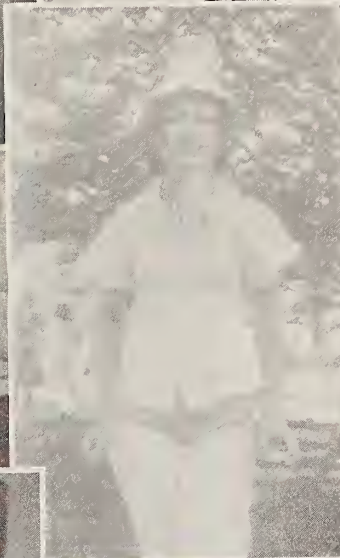


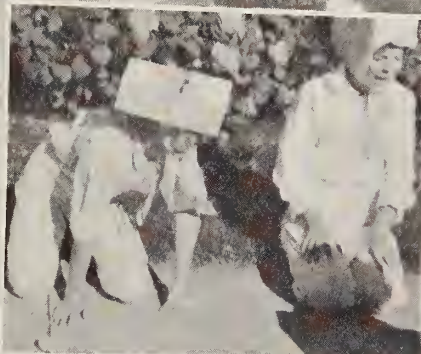
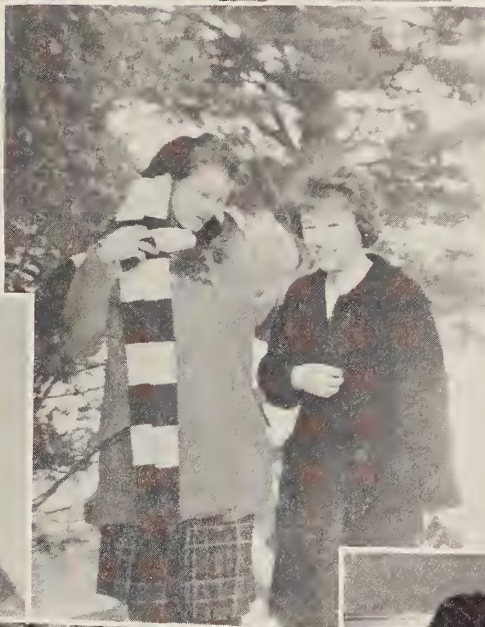


Christmas

The Christmas Dinner at O. L. C.;
 The Pageant grand for all to see;
 The dinner proved the best of all;
 The carols following filled the hall,
 Beautifully tuned with all their parts,
 Assuredly brought Christmas Spirit to all hearts.

Doris Martin,
 Grade XII.





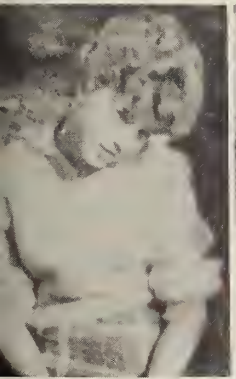
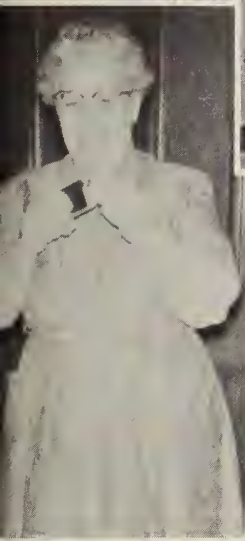
Activities

The theme for our annual Formal was Oriental, and was submitted by Anne Robertson. A huge silver Buddha, numerous Chinese lanterns, and Japanese silhouettes created an exotic atmosphere. Plum-scented incense permeated the room, and the Johnny Evans orchestra contributed to the gaiety of the evening. Our Queen this year, Gwen Scharf, was chosen by the orchestra leader, as were her attendants, Judy Fenton and Prayoon Saiphatana. Refreshments were served in the Common Room, and pictures were taken of the happy couples. At midnight, dancing ended, and by one forty-five, all the guests had departed. Because of the efforts of the Athletic Association, all those who attended had an enjoyable evening.

Lynne Cashell,
Social Editor.







Choir



THE CHOIR.

Fridays from 5:00 to 6:00 are reserved for choir practice, under the direction of Dr. Osborne. In the Assembly Hall, twenty eager voices practise for the Sunday morning Chapel service.

Annually, the choir prepares selections for the Carol Service before Christmas. This is cadenced with a candle procession to the altar, to the familiar verses of Silent Night.

The choir enjoys the annual party to the Crest Theatre. This rewards their efforts during the year.



Sandy Stanway.

RYERSON HALLS

UPPER RYERSON.

now madam, this is our Grade nine hall,
no, madam, not the insane asylum or a drunken brawl.
It's just Wendy playing cribbage, and Janet trying to sing,
And Lynne just being silly, and taking Margaret's things.

There's Chris. and Jill exclaiming over Pete's nice white car,
And Gusta loudly wondering where her curlers are.
There's Laureen's record player, and Cathy joining in,
Complete with "Good-night Irene" upon the violin.

There's Gloria writing letters, and Jean--
Heaven knows what she's doing with Jeannine,
And there's Mrs. Reed wishing that all of us were dead,
Oh well, there goes the nine-thirty bell. I hope they're all in bed.

LOWER RYERSON.

And as for Lower Ryerson hall--
The elementaries have a ball!
When Jill and Judy want to diet,
It doesn't work; at least they try it!
And crazy Sheila, giggly Sue,
Have fun in everything they do.
And as for Stevies' boy-friend, 'cello,
He really is a fine young fellow!
Poor Mrs. Reed tries hard, you know.
To keep us in control, but OH---!!
I pity her, the job's so tough--
With us being young and strong, and rough!

PLUNKETT

HI! PETE

NUM SKULL!!

FATSO!

BABY DOLL!

MACK'S BEST

FRIEND!

DON'T DROP THEM GAIL!!

GREEK

RUB-A-DUB-DUB
LOOK WHO'S IN THE TUB!

WHERE'S COON?

HOT DOG!

OUR BRILLIANT SKATER!

SOUP FOR LUNCH!

CAMPBELL SOUP!

DIET ANYONE?

THE BABY OF OUR HALL

CALORIE CHART

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES! (YUK!)

ED

SAILE-BOAT!

PAM AND HER

LOWER FRANCES HALL

LOWER FRANCES

We got moonlight through the window,
We got stars to gaze upon,
We got Mrs. Bird to hug us,
We got night trips to the John.
We got letters from our parents,
We got Miss M., our noise to quell.
What ain't we got?
We know too well.

We got ceilings that aren't up,
We got prefects close at hand,
We got Jack to take our money,
We got Liz to make the band.
We got Marilyn in the Osborne's,
We got fourth form; "do you ken?"
What we ain't got?
We ain't got MEN!!

LOWER MAIN HALL

"Main Hall"; it bulged its' walls this fall
So off went 5 to Lower Fran Hall,
All of us being so strange and new
Were welcomed at once as one of the crew.

What do we do?
Water fights,
"Visiting" nights,
Pranksters don't laugh
Bed's in the bath,
Math class and cupid
We're not really stupid!



Our "Mother", the Dean is always on hand,
When advise for our troubles is in demand,
Remembering her kindness and beckoning call,
And "secret" parties at "that" end of the hall.



What's in the "future"?
Doctors on "Medic"?
Plans are a headache!
Some will be teachers,
Others make "features",
College dreams--
And business schemes.

Of course we have "nightowls" and "early birds" too,
You can't name a stunt that we will not do,
We may not be scholars; exceptions are few.
And "diets" the password, and "love" is the clue.
And so in our future whatever it be,
Fond memories we'll treasure, friends from O.L.C.





athletics

SPORTS

Sports Day.

Sports this year at O.L.C. began with preparations for Field Day. Practice started almost simultaneously with the opening of school for the fall term.

Field Day was held on September 26th with great success. "House spirit" and the enthusiastic encouragement of all the House Captains were apparent in the number of entrants. In addition to the dashes, jumps, and ball-throws, was a novelty relay-race requiring several participants from each House, and creating much competition.

A refreshment stand, from which some of the Athletic Association members sold hotdogs and soft drinks, attracted many. Our thanks to Miss Bellman and her staff for providing the "eats".

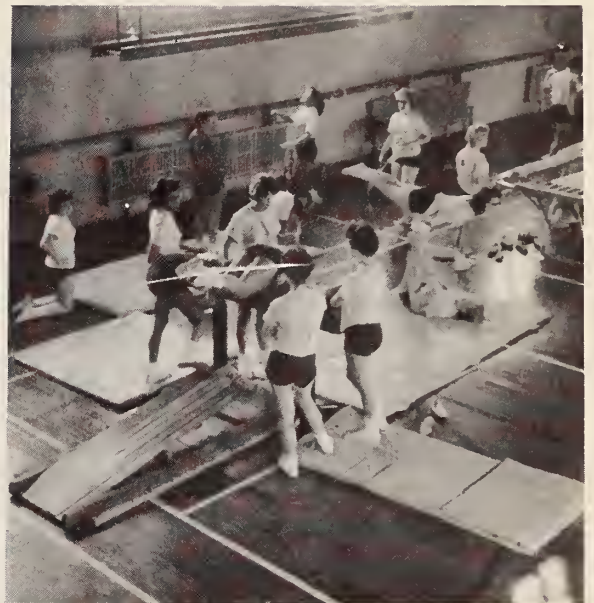
Keen interest was shown, and many housepoints were earned with the houses placing as follows:-

Carter, Maxwell, Hare, and Farewell.

The champions were:
Senior, Carol Clawson;
Intermediate, Judy Wolfe;
Junior, Stephanie Churney;
Juvenile, Carolyn Tanner.

House Volleyball.

The House Volleyball Tournament was played in the early part of the term, and Hare House players emerged as victors.





SENIOR VOLLEYBALL



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

BASKETBALL

The Senior and Junior basketball teams played a total of four games each against Pickering and Ajax. In the home games the Seniors lost to Pickering and won over Ajax while the Juniors were victorious in both their encounters. In the games away from home the Juniors were again victorious while the Seniors were beaten in both games.

Congratulations, Juniors, on your fine teamwork and standing!



TRAMPOLIN

A source of great pride to the School this year has been the acquisition of a trampoline. In use by all from elementaries to the senior classes it has proved to be one of the most popular pieces of apparatus on which to work out for exercise and enjoyment.

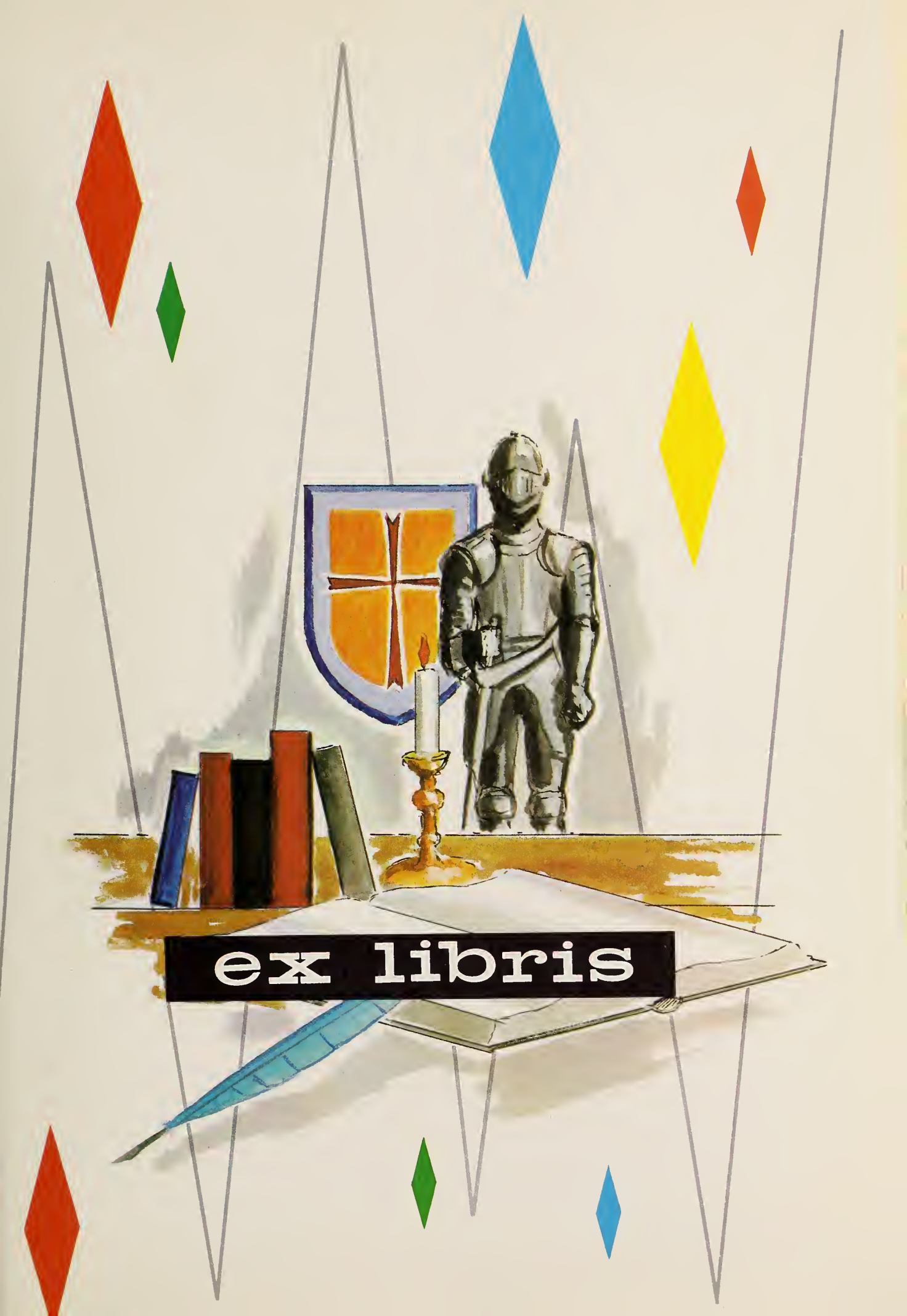




Senior Basketball



Junior Basketball



ex libris

SKIING

I looked down and what did I see,
 But a great big hill in front of me,
With curves and jumps and everything
 To make your heart just want to sing.
But instead, my heart went thump, thump, thump,
 When I saw the terribly big ski jump.
I got ready to go and closed my eyes,
 But I wasn't prepared for the big surprise
That I received, because, you see,
 At the foot of the hill in front of me,
Stood a six - foot snowman in the path,
 And, as I started, I heard a laugh.
I couldn't avoid him; so, what did I do?
 I'll leave the rest of the scene to you.

Barclay Jane Grey,
Grade VI.

FOLLOWING THE CROWD

"But, everybody is doing it" is a very common expression (with variations) today. In spite of its suggestion of dull conformity and drill-parade precision it is the main theme of many advertisements today.

Society in this day and age is governed by a desire to "follow the crowd". Everybody must "keep up with the Jones". There is no room for originality or personality. Everybody forms one big herd following wherever the lead cow strays. As in a herd, everyone follows from instinct, not from logical choice.

Each person is different, but some people suppress their individuality, and others make the most of it. Many great personalities are famous because of their ability to be different.

We should be glad of our differences because, if everyone were exactly the same, we wouldn't have any great stories, songs, or paintings. If God were in favour of rigid conformity, He would make each person with the same appearance and personality, of the same creed and race. Instead, He made us different, with minds to choose, and consciences to know what we should choose.

Janet McRae,
Grade IX.

SOUNDS THAT KEEP ME AWAKE AT NIGHT

Do you have sleepless nights, jangled nerves, bloodshot eyes, and an incoherence of speech? Well, you have experienced the same problem as I; sounds that keep me awake at night.

Ten o'clock, and all is well on Upper Fran. Those fatal words "Lights Out", echo down the hall. Nature's call beckons just after our house-mother has safely tucked everyone into bed. Tousled heads pop in and out of doorways.

"Mrs. Carley, I forgot to brush my teeth and take my pill."

At last the hall seems quiet and our house-mother's vigil begins. -Creak....creak....creak; carefully placed footsteps creep up and down the hall. Am I ever going to fall asleep?

Then the sound of my conscience is very "clamorous" as it reminds me of the homework I have not yet done for instance, that French verb chart. Methodically, it pounds away in my head, until I arise and complete the unfinished work. Maybe, now that my conscience is quiet, I can rest in peace!

The Monster; "Don't touch, it burns!" We have lost more than one pair of panties that way. Our friend becomes restless and starts a slow, monotonous love cry. Could it be that he is lonely, or just angry? The shrill sound heightens, and out spurts streams of steaming vapour. This symphony continues hours. It is a matter of choice; freeze to death, or suffer from insomnia. However, we are growing accustomed to our sturdy companion, the radiator.

Lastly, the chief cause of my sleepless nights, is my room-mate. Everynight, as I lay me down to sleep, I pray my room-mate won't make a peep. In vain! I hear weird sounds issuing from her corner of the room. Gurgle! Growl! Splash! Those two servings of pizzapie and hot tomares just did not seem to agree with her stomach. As the evening progresses, and I am approaching Dreamland, I am rudely awakened by loud, sonorous snores, interjected with whining whistles.

"Enough of this!" I exclaim and pounce on my room-mate, who only grunts drowsily, and turns over.

I stumble back to bed and try again, and then she comes up with this;

"Have you finished your Christian Knowledge assignment yet? You know we have to hand it in tomorrow."

I begin to wish I had never wakened her up, for my room-mate is a perpetual worrier. Worry must be catching! Before the night is over, my fingernails have been gnawed to a frazzle, and my hair has turned a few shades greyer. Besides, this night time is also Beauty Time for my room-mate. Jars, hair-rollers, pins, and various other aids come out with a rattle and bang. She slaps on the mud-pack, scrapes it off, throws on a layer of cream, and then "Greasy" slides into bed. The Sandman finally comes-I won't mention the hour, and I drop off to sleep. But my room-mate is not finished yet. In the wee hours of the morning, I am startled by the burring buzz of her alarm clock. My sweet dreams are interrupted and sleep escapes me for the rest of the morning. As I lie there, I hear;

"One, two, three-stretch; one, two, three-stretch."

This is only my room-mate doing her exercises. When she has finished, she starts memorizing Proposition Fifteen, Book One out loud.

I guess I must accept my fate; sounds that keep me awake at night.

HEATHER QUINN,
DAPHNE SMITH,
SHIRLEY ARMSTRONG,
GRADE XI

There are two kinds of people on earth today
Just two kinds of people, no more I say
Not the good or the bad, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad half good;
Not the rich or the poor, for to know a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health,
Not the happy or sad, for the swift flying years
Bring to each man his gladness and to each man his tears,
No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who LIFT and the people who LEAN,
And wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Always divided into just these two classes;
And oddly enough you will find too, I ween
There are really few lifters to many who lean.

.....

THE STORM.

The snow came falling swiftly down
'Til all around lay pure white ground.
And then, the cold chill winds from Thule,
Swept it away to uncover the fuel,
That lay beneath.

And from the trees great branches blown,
And great white drifts lay all around,
An old poor man, he saw that fuel,
And with his weak, cold, trembling hand;
He gathered it.

He now builds up a bright warm fire;
And now alone there he sits,
With the white smoke curling like a spire,
Into heaven above. And now he thanks,
The God of Love who sent that blessed storm.

-M. A. Newman.

A SNOWY MORNING

Did you know that each snowflake that tumbles out of the blue-grey mist is unique? Technically, they are all hexagonal, or six-sided figures, if you wish to be geometrical, but when it comes to the majesty of a winter wonderland, who wants to be a student of mathematics? If you are fortunate enough to live where there is such a season as winter, you will know what it is to take a walk on a snowy morning.

From the moment you step over the threshold of your front door, you are filled with awe at the splendour of the waiting scene. You think of yourself as an actress for a moment, and this is the setting on a stage, on which you are to make your debut.

Strolling dreamily along a quiet, untrodden road, you collect your thoughts and find that the beauty of nature and her works can pacify the soul and mind to the extent that you find happiness in being alive.

As you amble on farther, a snowflake notices you, and quietly alights upon your coatsleeve. Interested, you stop awhile to study the fragility of your welcome guest. You find that one flake is as beautiful as love, more intricate in design than the best of lace from Italy, and, like its billions of companions, as friendly as a young puppy. It does not wait long enough for you to come to any scientific conclusions, and if you did, you might be disappointed in your findings.

Passing over a bridge that is near your home you stop. Your mind is at rest, and you slowly mull over all that you have seen, and resolve that you must do this more often. You wish that you could write down on paper how you feel, but you know that to express it well would be impossible.

You hope that others will find the same peace of mind, and that they will experience the fulfilment of a walk on a snowy morning.

Sharleen Couch,
Grade XI.



THE HOUSE I BUILT.

I looked down and I saw nothing, and I said, "Let there be something," and it was good. Then I created; with my very hands, the blazing sun to burn the barren soil, the gushing to refresh the thirsty land, and green clad arrows pointing to My Home. Next I formed, for the silent hours, a shimmering silver moon, a purple peaceful sea, a silent land. And all was still. Then, with infinite love, I shaped the clay into living animals from tiniest primal cell, to lofty elephant. Over all these beasts, flying fowl and fresh, I placed an upright being and kissed him with my thought of love so that he could always hold firm a dream.

Time melted on, and man to man they passed on this special gift- this love. Some stooped to the soil to sweat and toil for love of work and home. Some were "great men", and strove for better things to make the world a happier place. And always there were dreamers who heard my calling in the rustling grass and whistling wind across white, level plains. These men re-echoed to my world, my message of love by picture, tale, and song.

Now comes a newer blood; it puzzles me. Although they are their ancestors' offspring, their instincts seem changed. They live and eat and sleep and die so rushed, they cannot see the landscape whirling by. They work for something, all for it, but what? I mourn my loss and drop my head in despair. But suddenly I glimpse.... a hope! Walking alone along a winding path, a youth; he picks an apple bud and laughs. I sigh and know all is not lost as long as youth still sees an apple tree!

Melodie Corrigall,
Grade XIII.

WAKE UP!

Freddy Mouse sat munching the last of his sandwich.

"What a lovely day," he thought. "Too bad there's school. If it were Saturday, I could play baseball, or go swimming, or have a picnic in the woods, or catch a juicy grasshopper, or just lie around in the sun, or maybe-Oh dear, it's getting late! I'd better get going, or I'll be late."

He ran out of the door and down the dirt track that led to the school. He was half-way there when he realized he still had a crust of bread in his hand.

"I must be day-dreaming again," he thought.

After school, he went picking raspberries with his sister. They picked for about an hour, and suddenly she exclaimed,

"Where's your basket, Freddy?"

Freddy looked around mournfully.

"Oh dear, I must have left it somewhere."

"You're always day-dreaming, Freddy Mouse! What are you thinking?"

The next day in school he was so busy counting the polkadots on the dress of the girl sitting in front of him, he did not hear the teacher say--

"Tomorrow we'll have a holiday in honour of the school's 100th birthday."

He did not hear the cheers of all his friends, or the excited planning on the way home.

The next morning, he got up bright and early for school. He did not notice little mousie's eyes watching him from the bushes, and quiet giggles, as he walked toward the school.

He went up, up the steps, and walked in. Then all of a sudden, mice appeared from nowhere, laughing and shouting. He stared into the empty classroom in amazement.

"There's a holiday today!" said one of the mice. "You weren't listening when the teacher told us."

"Oh dear," said Freddy, "I'm never going to day-dream again!"

AND HE NEVER DID.

Carolyn Tanner,
Grade VIII.

HOW TO COMPOSE A POPULAR SONG

Recently, Torontonians' eardrums have been punctured by a wave of Rock n' Roll. Two of Toronto's favourite radio stations have been turned to Rock n' Roll. Now, I have nothing against it, but it does get rather monotonous. However, as the great Indian philosopher, "Foot-In-A-Bucket" once said, "If no can lick 'um, join 'um." Consequently, I have found a formula for composing one's own popular song.

First, write the lyrics. This takes no particular skill, nor does it require originality. All you need are, a blank page, and a mind to match. Sit down in the most comfortable chair in the room, and write down anything that happens to come into your mind. For instance, suppose you write the words, "cat, dog, mouse-hole, father, cowpuncher." Now you have the basis for the lyrics. Bearing in mind that the simpler the words, the more appealing they are to the average listener, go back and cross out the words of more than one syllable. This eliminates "mousehole" and "cowpuncher", which were not very inspiring anyway. Next, write out a simple stanza, containing all the words on the list. At Tin Pan Alley, they do this in three months, but with a little thought, you may come up with something in a few hours. In this case, we may have a verse such as the following:

"Ah met mah kitty in the jailhouse,
And Ah'm dogmatic neow
We rode away on a saddle-hoss,
And left her dad to pull the pleow."

This is strictly a western-type drama that should well be among the Top Twenty in a matter of weeks. Notice the subtle rhymes. Having written four verses, two of which are identical, by the same method, you are in a position to complete the job by writing the music. The process is called "scoring it up."

The quintet for which this type of music is written, consists of two guitars, drums, a baritone saxophone, and an old-time fiddler. The fiddle part is the part that is written, but it does not have to be, as the fiddler cannot read anyway.

Having written the music, or not, as you please,) your next job is to put together a quintet. Choose a drug-addict as a drummer, if possible. They always have the best "beat". The baritone sax must have a gurgly sound, like that of bath water run-

ning down the drain. This can be easily accomplished by cutting a lemon in front of the performer, during the recording session. The guitars are added for the plinking sound, so necessary in modern "pops", and this can often be improved by crossing the wires, so that the electricity runs through the strings.

The final touch is the extra known as the echo-chamber. The difficulty is in finding someone who can sing six solo parts, with a time lag of only one second between the start of each. With modern technological advances, this problem has been eliminated. The orchestra and chorus merely play and sing respectively, into a number of rain-barrels, and the lead tenor, into an orange juice can, after making sure it is empty first. The whole effect is rather startling, and muddy sounding, which is what you want.

After the recording has been made, send some copies labelled, "Million Disk Hit", and "Pick Hit of The Week", to the two radio stations. Then, be prepared to wait a year, while the records pick up enough surface noise to be playable on the air. When that day comes, if ever, LOOK OUT! You are now in the song-writing business.

If, by mere chance, this method fails, there is nothing you can do about it. Give up! Face the fact that you are not intelligent, witty, capable, or stupid enough to "Compose a Popular Song"!!

Leslie Masson,
Grade XI.

SAVED!

Terror seized me! I was dumbfounded! I could not move; I could not utter a sound. There were banging, clashing, clanging noises coming from everywhere, from all sides! The constant uproar made my head dizzy, and my body faint.

Sweat was pouring off in buckets. My fists were clenched so tightly that my fingers were absolutely numb! My stomach made an upside down twist, and gave me a queasy feeling inside.

My heart was pounding a thousand times a minute! I felt as though death would approach at any second. This thought of death made me tremble. I knew I wasn't done for; I couldn't be!! "Only the good die young."

I began to shake, or someone was shaking me. With a sudden jerk, I opened my eyes. It had been a dream; a dreadful dream! I had fallen asleep in the big arm chair, after reading a good murder story.

Marilyn Maxwell,
Grade X.

WINTER TWILIGHT

Slowly the long, bony fingers of night
Grasp the day strangling its life and its light,
Dark closes in o'er the snow-clad hill
Cloaking the land with a sinister chill.

Swiftly and silently Night stocks its prey
Once fair, once free, now fading day.
A haunting howl is the knell of the light,
For the pack will hunt 'neath the cloak of the night.

Janet McRae,
Grade IX.

MY FIRST DAY AT O. L. C. AND MY FIRST COMPOSITION WRITTEN IN ENGLISH

It was a splendid night to walk, but it is too late to do it. I have to stay in school at seven and now it is six-fifty.

We are now in school, but oh, what a beautiful school. I never saw something like that in all my life before. I thought it was a King's castle, but not owned by kings.

Putting my suitcase on the floor, I am beginning to feel alone like nobody loves me, and that I'm living alone in this big castle, but, then I saw some girls. They looked happy, and I am beginning to ask myself why I don't feel like them. Maybe because it is my first night in school.

It was eight-thirty on a cool October morning, and I heard a bell. It was for classes. Everybody runs to her own classroom, but I don't know what to do. I was astonished seeing the girls walking fast, but the girls are so helpful and told me that my first class was Grammar.

The day slips quickly to me. That is because I feel so good, and now I like the school, teachers, and all people who live in the school.

GLORIA VARGAS,
GRADE IX.

WHAT HAPPINESS MEANS TO ME

To people the world over, personal happiness is the main goal in life. Some find it in fame, some in money, some in hobbies, some in self-sacrifice; some never find it all.

To me, happiness comes through seeing others, perhaps some less fortunate than myself, having a good time and getting some enjoyment out of life through my efforts.

The smiles and gurgles of a baby playing; the laughter and exuberance of children being taught new games; the confidence of a friend; and the trust of older people, be they friends, relatives, or casual acquaintances, all combine to build up a feeling of happiness.

A Job completed and known to be well done; doing some extra chore to ease someone else's burden and the praise received for a

task into which a great deal of time and effort have been put, all give a sense of satisfaction which becomes happiness with the knowledge that others have benefited.

Happiness is not just a state which happens to a few fortunate and not to the rest of the population. No, it is something which must be worked for to be obtained, and worked at to be retained.

BARBARA WATSON,
Grade XIII.

AN APPLE TREE IN BLOOM

As I lay in the warm May sunshine with a breeze ruffling my hair, I sighed contentedly. In awe, I gazed up at the gorgeous apple tree, arrayed in its glory of pink blossoms. It was more exquisitely beautiful than anything man could have painted.

The leaves rustled slightly in the breeze, fresh and green for the new summer. Glassy drops of dew slowly slid off the leaves and dropped to the ground.

Blossoms covered the old tree. Draped with a glorious garland of fragrant beauty, it showed its splendour to all the world

Never have I seen anything so beautiful! Against the blue sky, a picture so perfectly wonderful in its glory almost took my breath away.

Spring does wonderful things to the world. It creates new things, and revives old things, but the sight of an apple tree in blossom is one of the most marvellous pictures, Nature paints.

Anne McWhir,
Grade VIII.

A collage of geometric shapes and artistic tools. The background is a light cream color. Several thin, grey, zigzag lines are drawn across the page. Scattered throughout are various colored diamonds: red, blue, green, and yellow. In the center, there is a collection of artistic and drafting tools: a white artist's palette with several colored paint spots (blue, green, yellow, red, black), a paintbrush resting on it, a blue set square, a wooden ruler, a pencil, and a tube of red paint. A black banner with the word 'advertising' in white lowercase letters is positioned horizontally across the middle of the image, partially overlapping the tools.

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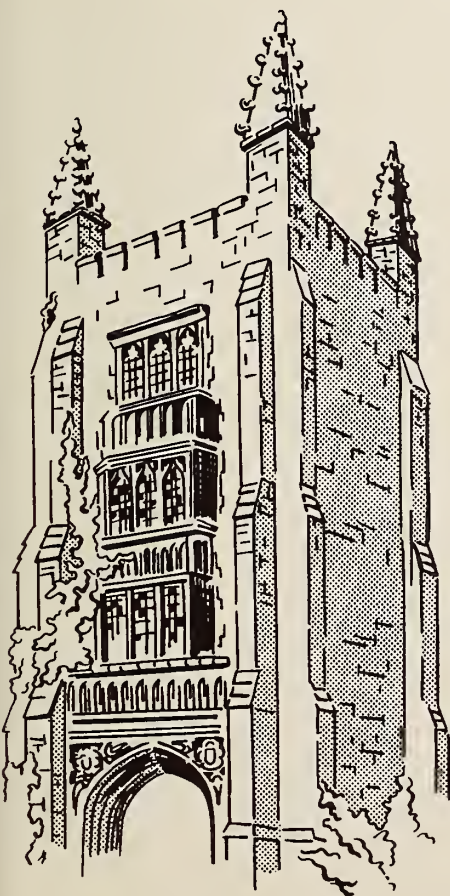
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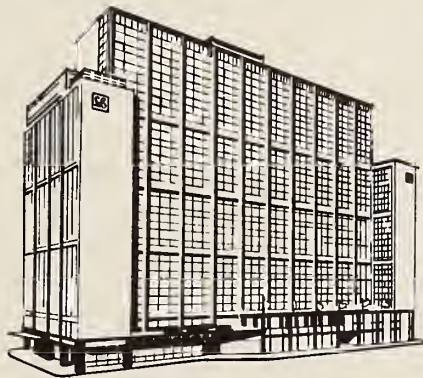
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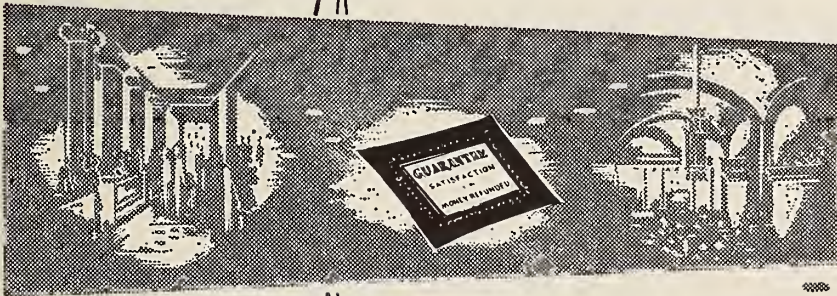
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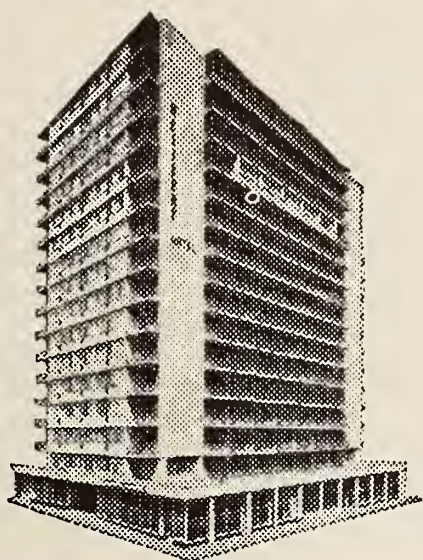
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I look to heaven; tell from the skies,
How God has favour'd us this day.

Each minute spent at humble prayer,
Him to thank for loving care,
I ask for sins to be forgiven,
And feel Him lift my heart toward heaven

Each working hour I strive to please,
Both teacher, friend and Him who sees.
At work or play though troubles come,
I know He cares; He sent His Son.

Each evening when I close my eyes,
I look to heaven; tell to the skies,
How God has favour'd us this day.

Gai Thomas,
Grade XIII.

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